

63
S E P T E M B E R.

(6)

A

R U R A L P O E M.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO ALL SPORTSMEN.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

By a G E N T L E M A N.

*Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis, canibusq; et aprici gramine campi.*

HOR.

L Y N N R E G I S :

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Advertisement.

THE Writer of the following little Piece is well apprized, that he could have *served up* this his *Morsel* more agreeable to the public *Taste*, had he *shredded* in a few more *Blades*, with a little of the *Coxcomb a-la-Creme*: But the Connoisseur must please to observe, that he is here invited, not to a *Feast*, but a *Snap* only; we beg therefore our *Guests* would say *Grace* over this their *Morsel* in perfect Good-humour, and sit down with cheerfulness to a moderate Entertainment.

Advertisement

THE Writer of the following has been so well apprized, that he could have sworn to this that he was more agreeable to the public taste, had he possibly in a few more minutes, with a view to the cause of the Cause. But the Connoisseur will please to observe, that he is here invited, not to a Party, but a Party only; he therefore our Guests would be down over this little. He is in perfect Good-humour, and he down with cheerfulness to a moderate Entertainment.





SEPTEMBER:

A

RURAL POEM.

HA I L, fair September! † in whose gentle reign
The rural swains collect the golden grain:
Hail, wish'd for morn! whose fresh returning light
Has chac'd away the tedious hours of night.—
Brisk CHANTICLEER, with proud erected crest,
Clap'd his gay wings, and strain'd his little breast:
Wide o'er the fields the lowing heifers stray,
And slip-shod gleaners brush'd the dews away.

Where yon tall turrets proudly meet the skies;
The mansion clock strikes six, the Sportsmen rise;

B

Deserted

† *Hail fair September.* The month of September is now become the most respectable of the twelve; and as the game is a subject of serious controversy in most places, this passion is deservedly ridicul'd (with some degree of pleasantry) in the following little poem.

Scaliger natu Minimus —.

Deserted Fair Ones to their maids complain,
 Stretch half awake, and ring their bells in vain :
 Soft bridal Daphne to her pillow sighs,
 And hides in down those dear bewitching eyes ;
 They turn, they fret, and weep their own mistakes,
 And wish that Pointers could be Wives for Rakes :
 Now my good May'r unfolds the red streak'd eye,
 Pants for his feast, * and the rich partridge pye :
 Now mutt'ring grooms bend from the stable door,
 Half shew themselves, and wish the breakfast o'er ;
 Maids scold at boys, and boys in turn reply,
 Blows follow blows, and fractur'd china fly—

But hark ! the whistle gives its quiv'ring sound,
 The Squire pours forth, the mansion roofs rebound ;
 The dancing fun-beams on his barrel play,
 September smiles, and all her sons are gay.
 Sweet month, to thee thy jovial sportsmen bring,
 The first clipt feather from the partridge wing ;
 For thee, Collegians waste whole terms away,
 Leave LOCKE and NEWTON † for a sporting day ;

The

* *Pants for his feast, and the rich partridge pye.* Partridge pye (says a bur-
 far of a college) is excellent eating without doubt : but if we are to be cram'd
 at the same time with a detail of the whole day's diversion, it is very apt to rise
 in the stomach and make us sick.---The eternal subject of game is undoubtedly
 a heavy tax upon the time and patience of those gentlemen who are no sports-
 men.

- - - loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium - - - Hor.

† *Leave Locke and Newton.* A tutor at Cambridge visiting his pupil, found
 his LOCKE open for a week together at the same page on Simple Ideas. " Child,
 says

The schools' loud wrangle for the covey change,
And learn to dress old pointers for the mange.

Goddeſs of Sports! O thou, whoſe virgin throng
Can lead the chace, and ſcour the fields along;
Not thou, chaſte Dian, or thy ſportive train,
Shall claim a Verſe in ſoft September's reign:
The muſe, exulting, now attempts to ſing
The freſh thorn fields, and covies proud of wing;
The pointers leaping at their maſters' ſide,
And full-blown ſportsmen in their autumn pride.

Adieu the chace! to us a theme unſung;
To winter months thoſe rougher ſports belong:
Nor ſhall the loping, liſt'ning greyhounds claim,
One couplet here, as dogs of honeſt fame.
See, there they go! light bounding o'er the fern,
Whiff follows whiff, and turn ſucceeds to turn;
Diſtreſs'd, confus'd, the little victim flies,
Death follows cloſe, ſhe drops at once; ſhe dies.
Mere woman's paſtime! juſt alive to pleaſe,
To ride, chit-chat, and take our ſnuff with eaſe.

Huſh'd be the winds! nor let the wanton air
* Diſturb the treſſes of ſweet Juliet's hair.

Guard her, ye Sylphs, from falls, and man's approach
And change the greyhounds for the burniſh'd coach.

The
ſays he, thou haſt a ſtrange affection for Simple Ideas," and he was right; for
his pupil never went any where without them afterwards.

Voltaire, on empty bottles.

* *Diſturb the treſſes.* L——y T——d.

The martial air, th' equestrian female pride,
 Gives pain with pleasure, and our thoughts divide;
 The graceful titt-up may attract the eye,
 But in the dance (sweet pow'r) we gaze to die.

Go then, ye courfers! shake your loaded sides,
 The good Sir Loin repays your morning rides;
 With many a wink the circling glass goes round,
 And each applauds,† how well the Parson found.
 Say, first! what dæmon, with infernal flame,
 Has fir'd this earth with such a lust for game:
 Unmov'd by age, by widows', orphans' tears,
 We feel all o'er for partridges and hares;
 E'en gaunty quakers,‡ now so garish grown,
 Can squint the eye, and pounce the partridge down.
 Mad in our sports, we mix in fierce disputes,
 And blood of man atones for blood of brutes.

Loose from his school, too dull for classic ground,
 The man-child claims his hunter and his hound:
 Indulgent parents view their idol son,
 Chum for his dog, and wedded to the gun;

So

† *And each applauds.* The clerical eye, at present, is in great repute for finding a hare sitting; owing perhaps to its extreme versability and occasional revolutions for many purposes. *Huc illuc oculos vertunt - - -*

‡ *E'en gaunty Quakers.* From the word quaker, and the tremor they are supposed to be under, we should suppose them to be but very indifferent sportsmen; but, alack-a-day, some of the friends can bring the creature down very abundantly, and eat him afterwards.

So sweet a stripling, so improv'd by years,
 He grows a Midas,§ with the Afs's ears.
 As vig'rous trees put forth luxuriant shoots,
 Outgrow themselves, and shed their promis'd fruits;
 So youth unprun'd, to manhood runs too fast,
 Then stops, and proves unfruitful to the last.

Sweet is the sight the verdant meadows yield,
 Yet sweeter far the new-reap'd summer field;
 Try now the turnips, brush the stubbles round,
 And range the pointers o'er the furrow'd ground.
 But let not these, ill-broke and unconfin'd,
 Rush lawless on, and idly sink the wind:
 Ill sport, with hoarseness, will your toils repay;
 A lean light net, and mother's white wine whey.

Now o'er the burning marl, the gifted sons
 Of mitred Aaron wave their polish'd guns;
 Earth from its centre feels the Demi-gods,
 The green geese cackle,* and the gander nods:

C

So

§ *He grows a Midas.*---This description of a Master Jacky from Eaton, or Westminster, is not to be applied to any one particular gentleman: we renounce all manner of personal severities in this work, and give our description herein to be divided amongst the multitude. *Qui capit, ille facit.*

* *The green geese cackle.*---Absurd to a degree! No green geese, as they are ridiculously called, in the month of September. The author probably means geese upon a green; we wish him to be more correct.

Dennis Redivivus.

So notch'd, so peel'd, so primitive their dress,
Luther might smile, and Saints could do no less.

Soft be the verse, unwilling to offend,
Conceal all faults, except it be to mend;
Candour exclaims, O spare a brother's fame!
No poniard wounds so feelingly as shame:
Friend to your faults, wherever these abound,
We search the part, and gently dress the wound:
Yes, let me touch, not probe the wound too deep,
Whilst Folly laughs—to see Religion weep;
* To see her sons to dissipation yield,
First in the dance,† and foremost in the field;
Good rules, good order, decency aside,
Pert gawky pleasure mix'd with idle pride.
O Rome! no more thy papal pow'r shall rise;
We'll flush thy Pope, and shoot him as he flies:
Prim'd at all points, whatever sport invites,
Play, Ball, Bath, Bristol, or a game at White's:§

There

|| *So notch'd, so peel'd, so primitive their dress.* A decency and distinction of dress is proper to be observed at all times; especially as black and white are so easily distinguished by the common people. *Ibidem.*

† *First in the dance*——Nothing more is here intended but a kind and affectionate hint to some few of our younger clergy, not to batter themselves too much by dancing, for fear they should not be able to move afterwards on the hard road to preferment.

Vide Delany on David's dancing.

§ *Or a game at White's.* The firm of the house probably is still preserved.

There hov'ring round our sable troops appear,
 To catch and spread the follies of the year :
 But here discretion lets the curtain fall,
 And sweet good-nature mourns, and covers all.

Clasp'd in those arms, where panting Gods might lie,
 And Kings themselves be pleas'd, and proud to die ;
 What makes Hillario (scarce one fortnight wed)
 Leave thus betimes the new-deck'd bridal bed ;
 Thro' parched fields for feather'd vengeance roam,
 When softer pleasures might be found at home ?
 O proof severe to man's internal eye !
 That our best joys do but exist to die ;
 Thro' life we toil, its honey sweets to find,
 Yet feel each pleasure leaves its sting behind.

Prone to condemn, let not old age presume,
 To mix December with the flow'rs of June :
 Youth's made for joy ; 'tis nature's holiday ;
 And time soon steals the golden hours away.
 A social heart, and ever cheerful face,
 Bespeak no want of character or grace ;
 Pastimes and sports, by Heav'n's own will design'd,
 Relieve the body, and assist the mind.
 Live and enjoy, † all nature's works declare ;
 He counter-acts, who bids us to forbear :

Nature,

† *Live and enjoy, all nature's works declare.* We have certainly a right to be as easy and happy as we can, provided we will suffer decency and good manners to be of the party with us. *Vide Secker's Remarks.*

Nature, and nature's lord delights to dwell,
 Far from dull cloisters, and the hermit's cell;
 Shuns dirty monks, who think their maker pleas'd,
 To see them starv'd, neglected, and diseas'd.
 Heav'n points the way, where sober pleasure lies,
 And bids mankind be happy, and be wise;
 Excess alone leads all our thoughts astray,
 Whilst fashion lurks a serpent in our way.

But they live most, and nobler ends pursue,
 Who live to pleasure, and their maker too.
 Flush'd with rude health, and clos'd in triple steel,
 Young fiery sportsmen lose their pow'rs to feel:
 To save their young, the screaming covies rise,
 Unmanly shot! too near the mother dies.
 The anxious fire exerts a father's care,
 Wings off, and leaves his little soul in air.
 O! where must now their wretched offspring fly?
 No bush, no brake escapes the sportsman's eye:

In

§ *Excess alone leads all our thoughts astray.* A reasonable equality amongst sportsmen is the one thing wanted: to promote this, a Minor Canon has advis'd, that all dead hands, and terrible shots, (as so commonly called) should all of them be properly weighted: to carry in their boots, or shoes, one gill, at least, of good, sound, unboil'd marrow-fat peas, or horse beans of two years old; or that the trigger finger should be handsomely capt, or cott'd, with tin, leather, or cloth, so as to bring them to a fair equality with other sportsmen.

Vide Clergyman's Vade-Mecum.

In turn progressive † each resigns its breath,
And close their eyes in agonizing death.

Is this a triumph? This that manly pride,
Which boasts so much of reason for its guide?
To view unmov'd the mangled covies die,
And rob Creation to enrich a pye.

O, turn your arms to save a sinking land!
Britannia calls, and claims each active hand;
Leave fields of pleasure for the fields of fame,
The foes of Britain are the noblest game.

Comus, dear droll! hold both thy sides, and see
Decrepid Threescore turnip'd to the knee;
Parch'd in the centre of the burning plain,
He stops, he pants, and rolls his eyes in vain;
Views the stiff point, each feeble effort tries;
Th' impatient dogs rush in—the covey flies.
Know then thyself, enervated Threescore, §
Now give and take the harmless Mattadore;

D

Or

† *In turn progressive.*---Some gentlemen are so modest and sparing, as to confine themselves to five brace of partridges a day: this amounts to 120 brace for each person, for the first month of shooting; and yet these our modest gentlemen would take it ill to be call'd poachers.----How say you, critics?---Poachers, or not? Out with it freely.----*Poachers, murderers, Goths, Vandals, and Tuscans,* without dispute. *Legion.*

§ *Know then thyself, enervated Threescore.* The poor climacterical sportsman, who bursted a string behind, when he was going fast to the dog then pointing, is a singular instance how very cautious we ought to be, not to lay open and naked the infirmities of old age to the eye of Ridicule.

Damnosa quid non imminuet dies.

Or at back-gammon, in the ebb of life,
 Size-ace the vicar, or capot his wife.*
 O idle thought! with limbs and nerves unstrung,
 That weak old age should covet to be young:
 Vain is the wish; nor can our hopes succeed,
 The old young man is impotent indeed.
 See! thy stiff hunter, long inur'd to toil,
 By years reduc'd, with patience breaks the foil:
 But if he hears from far the op'ning hound,
 He stops, he starts, he listens to the sound;
 His lean shrunk sides will this one truth afford,
 Time levels all, the hunter and his lord.

Ye sons of rapine! tyrants of the chace!
 Descended down from Nimrod's bloody race;
 Know, mercy is the attribute divine;
 'Tis Heav'n's own gift; and make that virtue thine.
 Forbear, rash youth! nor with exulting eye,
 Smile to behold thy feather'd victim die:
 Nor with proud pleasure † crush the quiv'ring brain;
 Or, unprovok'd, prolong one ling'ring pain;

The

* *Size-ace the vicar, or capot his wife.* There can be no manner of harm in playing a game of Cribbage, or All-Fours, with a neighbour's wife, provided you do not sit so close together as to see one another's cards.

Take care how you turn up Jack?

HOYLE.

† *Nor with proud pleasure*——Fiery young sportsmen will sometimes, we are informed, crush the head of a partridge in the mouth, to shorten the time of its dying: we wish this to proceed from an act of tenderness only, and not for the sake of expedition.

Monitor.

The meanest insect, with expiring breath,
Feels, as thou must, the bitter pangs of death.

See at thy foot! in agonizing round,
In leaden death, the flutt'rer beats the ground!
Say, now, wherein the mighty diff'rence lies!
To-morrow thou, to-day the partridge dies.
Speak! is it pleasure, or the lust of food?
That makes thy arm thus prodigal of blood.
The new-fledg'd birds, now breathless at thy side,
This morn, like thee, were all their parents' pride;
Stretch'd their young wings, and fondly bask'd around,
And felt no torture,* till thou gav'st the wound.

Censure apart; if field amusements please,
The mind may be reliev'd with such as these.
This better far, (for this is lawful game)
Than plunge a dagger thro' a brother's fame:
Or let seduction poison the repose,
And give to age those wounds which never close.
Shun him who acts the vile seducer's part!
The wretch whose lips are foreign to his heart;
'Tis poor, 'tis wretched, and unmanly too,
To break a heart, which fondly bleeds for you.
The female tear, the lightest of its kind,
Dissolves the soul, and melts the feeling mind:

We

* *And felt no torture*---Acts of cruelty are to be avoided as much as possible; the meanest insect being equally as susceptible of pain, as an elephant of the first magnitude.

We must be wretched, when the Fair complains;
 Turn soft like them, and freely wear their chains!
 Be every sportsman, every woman's friend,
 Nor wound that honour† which you should defend:

Forth from his farm, his mother's only care,
 Dear Jacky scouts, the grazier's hopeful heir;
 Half fool, half witling, and a half pretence,
 To something rumbling in the sound of sense;
 Shot out to manhood, pert with awkward pride,
 The game bag dangling‡ at the booby's side:
 Proud of the skirt, to *warder* tells the tale,
 O'er the long sausage, and the ev'ning ale.
 Once, sad event! with thee thy mother big,
 Tore off in wrath thy father's woolly wig:
 Terror to birds, aloft it wav'd in air;
 You heard the tale, and chose the ribbon'd hair.
 Thy club might now the peruke's place supply,
 And birds would shun the monster as they fly.

You, my good dames, whose children are your care,
 Let no friseurs disturb the farmer's hair;*

The

† *Nor wound that honour.*---Nothing so mean and unmanly as the seduction of a young creature, because she loves you to distraction.

Bodney's Voyage to Loretto.

‡ *The game bag dangling.*---Quere, says an old experienced sportsman, whether mother's darling, who seldom stirs a furlong from home, without a gun in his hand, and a lurcher at his heels, does not surreptitiously destroy more game than better and more experienced sportsmen. *Hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*

* *Let no friseurs disturb the farmer's hair.*---Farms in general, upon an average in Norfolk, are supposed to be raised twenty per cent. since the introduction of knob'd hair, and nankeen breeches. *Vide Molefworth's Calculations.*

The dangling club, long skirt, and pimp'ring face,
 With heads so marl'd, make acres rise apace.
 Nature on all bestows what's good and best,
 But affectation's folly meanly drest;
 All rank, all order, serves to some good use,
 But swans deride the vain affected goose.
 Be nature then your guide! your ruling star!
 Nor strive to be more awkward than you are:
 Time was, before prescription made us fools,
 When men were wise, and follow'd Nature's rules;
 Experience taught all field amusements good,
 To brace the nerves, and purify the blood:
 Law gave consent, that Britain's sons might know
 To raise the tube, and level at the foe:
 Now, sad reverse! despotic times succeed,
 And men scarce know the very game they feed.†

What, do they murmur? do they say, undone?
 Seiz'd are their farms, the keeper takes the gun:
 Mercy for all, e'en wretched rogues in jail,
 But who forgives the murd'rer of a quail?
 Not all the streams of Jordan's healing flood,
 Could cure this hot, rank fever of the blood.—

E

And

† *And men scarce know the very game they feed.*—To continue our sporting metaphors, we level our piece at the follies of men, and not their persons: if any random shot should reach any one particular gentleman, we heartily beg his pardon, and desire him to consider it as a scratch that can never injure him.

Vivas in amore jocisque.

And what shall these defend our country's cause?
 These guard our rights, and save our sinking laws?
 Voters beware! despotic men disown!
 You set them up, and you can pluck them down.
 But in excess alone the mischief lies;
 Men might be sportsmen, would they but be wise:
 Manners with sense, and decency combin'd,
 Need no restraint, nor want to be confin'd;
 But in their sports men are unequal found,
 These want indulgence, those too much abound.

Fix'd to his cures, (say fifty pounds if clear)
 Why boasts my priest his hundred brace each year?†
 Or, what makes William sport throughout his life?
 One hundred pounds per ann. in right of wife:
 But these have worth, and many virtues hid;
 Where? in the buskins, and the pow'rful quid.

Away distinctions, and each vain pretence!
 The wholesale murd'rer gives to all offence:
 Define who will, be his the poacher's fame,
 Whose life's a kennel, and profession game —

And:

† *Why boasts my priest his hundred brace each year.*—It is a fact of notoriety, that some of the clergy in Norfolk destroy with a single gun three or four-score brace of partridges and pheasants in one season. To prevent this excess, some have advised, that a text should be given after service for the following Sunday—-but Gediccus has well observed, (*De decimando et non decimando*, and in the case of *Pepper versus Splash*) that where tithes are taken in kind, the text must not be intrusted with the Squire, or parish officers.

Est modus in Rebus.

And should there live a youth, so lost to sense,
 Who knows no bounds, but sports to give offence;
 Who hurls defiance at his patron's head,
 And poaches fields, which freely yield him bread:
 If such there be, may I, good Heav'n! decline
 To mix with such, or call that friendship mine.

Say then, where must our game contentions end?†
 That each may trust his neighbour, or his friend:
 When must suspicion drop the fev'rish fear,
 Nor guns roar down distraction on the ear.
 Thou must, discretion, hold the equal scale,
 And honour bind superior to a jail.
 Lords of our fields! to whose despotic sway,
 Mortals must bend, and laws themselves obey;
 Mortgage, or bond,‡ at all events defend,
 And save the partridge, tho' you lose the friend.
 But what is friendship? what a brother's blood?
 To live and reign, sole tyrant of a wood;
 To hear at once a hundred pheasants rise,
 To feel a triumph, when a poacher dies;

O heav'nly

† *Say then, where must*—The various disputes about the game in many places become daily an interesting subject to the public in general; as lives, fortunes, peace, and good neighbourhood are too frequently sacrificed to the capricious and ridiculous idol.

Mungo Campbell.

‡ *Mortgage, or bond*—It is a mortifying reflection, that some gentlemen, by an over avidity to preserve game, have very much shortened those acres whereunto they belonged.

- - - *In jus*
Acres procurrunt - - -

O heav'nly conquest to a virtuous mind,
To live and die, the scourge of half mankind!

But, see he comes!—A cherub's form appears,
Edg'd with white hat, and tipt with ass's ears:
O! for the hartshorn, or we die away,
To see such softness, in the form of clay:
Waft all his sweets, ye gentle gales, around!
Wheree'er he treads, fresh odours scent the ground!*—
Ye, once un-acred, nor e'en blest with roods,
Tho' now ye boast fair fields, and stately woods;
Feels not your cheek the conscious glow of shame,
For legions slaughter'd of unnumber'd game.
Why then thus rigid? why so lordly grown?
We hail your manors, tho' of late your own:
Go make your tenants covenant by lease,
To strain the laws, and wound the public peace;
Juries, no doubt, will aid the righteous cause,
And prosecutions thrive from injur'd laws.
But why those sullen shrugs, that cinic sneer?
That cites should taste a partridge once a year:
Why thus disturb'd, and peevish to a fault?
Look up, my lords! good news—a poacher's caught!

Jail

* *Wheree'er he treads, fresh odours scent the ground.*—Who is this? A question more easily asked than answered. It is, my good reader, any body, nobody, or whom you please. The daubings of this writer have the quality of your Fuller's Earth; designed to take out your spots, and make your garment better, but not to injure it.

- - - Non ego paucis
Offendar maculis - - -

Jail him, they cry;* zounds! have him fast and bound!
 O glorious deed! th' unshirted villain's found.
 The triumph ended—restless as before—
 For why? My lord has fifty pheasants more.
 What will suffice? what suits your present taste?
 The full, the sole dominion of the waste.
 All game is ours. What all? delicious word!
 This smooths the front, makes peace, and sheaths the sword.
 But hold—Shall little men, deputed too,
 Rave round our fields, and be as fierce as you?
 Shall these, (O force of second-handed pow'r!)
 Strut out the puny tyrants of an hour?
 So down the stream,† cry'd out, in pert array;
 See, see, we swim!—we pippins of a day.
 What pity then my lord, whose goodness charms,
 Whose life's a lesson, and whose friendship warms;
 Should wear a speck so fest'ring at the heart,
 This game disease, beyond the pow'r of art:
 Lose half his virtues, and be deem'd severe,
 To save that poor mean animal—a hare.

F

Men

* *Jail him, they cry*—It is a truth, not to be controverted with success, that many of our most rigid preservers of game were, a few years backwards, the most notorious free-booters on the manors of other gentlemen.

——— *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

† *So down the stream*—Under the idea of representation, deputation, or more properly perhaps, defamation, some of our second-hand deputed lords of manors, frequently exceed their originals in every degree of pedantry and ostentation.

O imitatores! servum pecus ———

Men should be decent—yes, 'tis very true ;
 Men should be decent, so my lords should you :
 What if to cure this phrenzy of the brain,
 We should confine our curates on the chain ;
 Tie up our sportsmen till the season's done,
 And then let loose to air, and feel the sun ;
 Sweet, heav'nly balm, to ease the tortur'd breast,
 And rock the minds of busy men to rest.

But know, no creature walks the earth so mean,
 But wears resentment, tho' it lurks unseen ;
 Nature bestows on all a self-defence ;
 Brutes have their claws, and man is arm'd with sense.
 Contempt and scorn, those horrid plagues to teaze,
 These all men have, and use them as they please.

Thrice happy ISLE † where ev'ry *seventh* year
 Calls forth the pleasing gewgaw of a chair :
 When tost in air, triumphant members ride ;
 So smooth, so pleasant, and so *free from pride*.
 “ Dear Sir ! good creature ! my obliging friend !
 “ You know my soul, you know you may depend ;
 “ You know my int'rest must at last succeed,
 “ And Tom shall be an officer, indeed :

“ Do

† *Thrice happy Isle*—It is wonderful to consider, how smooth, and how very much in season great men are, on the approach of an election year ; occasioned, it is said, by a certain *political rouge*, which clarifies the face, and gives a delightful simmering to the whole countenance, keeping all the muscles and dimples for a time, at least, in excellent preservation.

C. Warren, perfumer, Parliament-Street.

" Do all you can, secure your cousin's vote,

" And take this trifle—to repair his coat :

" Friends of my soul, be free ; apply, command,

" You have my house, my manors, and my land ;

" For you we live, for you we dare to die ;

" Save, save yourselves ;† save us ; save Liberty !"

But what is this ? mere gilding of a day,

One month elaps'd, the varnish melts away ;

Then each freeholder, with extatic stare,

Cries, "*Marcy, Sars!* how strange these *great men* are !

" For six long years they lead us in a chain,

" Then smooth and polish for their *chairs* again."

And is it thus, by low and mean deceit,

Our patriots rise to honours and a feat ?

Suspended Justice mourns our fate, too near,

Looks down, and weeps o'er poor Britannia's bier.

O ! how unlike to this is his good name,

Whose virtues are as public as his fame ;

His country's idol, and the good man's praise,

And uncorrupted in the worst of days :

Statesmen and Peers, if this be worth approv'd,

Know A——y lives, thus honour'd and belov'd.

Sad,

† *Save, save yourselves* — The beauty of this line depends, in a great measure, upon the manner of speaking it ; the closing of the eyes, the stretching out of the fingers, and mode of elevation : Borough Members have fine advantages this way, on a market-day, from such spirited exertions.

— — — *Quem mirabantur Athenæ,
Torrentem* —

Sad, horrid tale ! by much too often told ;
 My worth is acres, and my virtues gold :
 But as one blemish marrs an angel's face,
 So wealth alone is coupled with disgrace.
 Wealth without worth, serves only to assert,
 The rich man's claim to gilded hoards of dirt :
 Inglorious triumph, when each sober clown,
 Lives more at ease, less mean, with half-a-crown.
 Fortune, blind dame ! derides our mimic state,
 Bends rich men down, and makes the needy, great ;
 Pours gifts and favours wheresoe'er she please,
 And lifts a Curate—to a coach of ease :†
 Then smiles to see her new-rai'd prelate ride,
 To see him bend, and nod with holy pride :
 The triple cure, and Sunday splash forgot ;
 'Tis now, *Jehu !* Your *Honour !* and what not !
 Smote with surprize, we stand aloof, and stare ;
 We gaze, we think, and wonder what we are—
 These are thy whims, O Fortune ! these thy deeds ;
 'Tis thou canst turn to joy the widow's weeds :
 By thee th' apprentice,§ long inur'd to wipe,
 The rich adhesions of the ivory pipe,

Mounts

† *And lifts a Curate——Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.*

§ *By thee th' apprentice---*Sudden elevation in life is frequently too rapid for tender spirits to undergo : when the deputy grave-digger of a certain parish

Mounts up to honours, and a full display,
And reigns the *pestled* monarch of a day.——

Grant me, good Heav'n! my humble wish to live,
Pleas'd and contented, with the gifts you give:
Nor be my lot so high, that with disdain,
The looking down may turn my giddy brain:
Teach me to shun each dangerous extream,
Not idly poor, nor opulently mean. ——

And should there be superior plagues design'd,
One greater curse than all, to blast mankind;
His be that lot, who with a tyrant's frown,
Lives and presumes—this world to be his own;
Who joys to fill the aching heart with fear,
To bind no wound, nor stop the trickling tear;
A mean self-love, and over-weening pride,
Ill-natur'd spleen, and passion for his guide.—

Foul fiend, avaunt!§ griping monopoly!
To thee the churl, the niggard bends the knee;
Thy baleful taint corrodes the lib'ral mind,
The heart which loves, and lives for all mankind.---

G

The

rish was told, that he would certainly be made under-sexton at the Easter meeting, the poor fellow went away overjoy'd, with tears in his eyes, muttering to himself - - - The Lord's will be done, for it is his doing, and not mine ——

§ *Foul fiend, avaunt!*-----Where a turbulent, inordinate passion for game prevails, too many instances are not wanting to prove, that neither vicinity, affinity, or the most amiable qualities of the heart, can possibly preserve for a time the peace and good fellowship of a neighbourhood.

Bella, horrida bella ——

The love of pow'r, and horrid rage of sway,
 Oft leads good-nature, and good sense astray.—
 Yes, he was once both good and gentle found,
 Till Fortune curs'd him—with some miles of ground:
 Now, *manor-mad*, he dreams of slaughter'd game,
 And Heav'n is storm'd,* if Pero should be lame.
 Him, skill'd in sports, sleek Obadiab bred,§
 And Ruth's fair hand would often pat his head:
 What heart so hard, but must for Pero bleed,
 Sweet son of Don, and sprung from Dido's breed.
 The fabled youth† embrac'd his cat for life;
 Take thou, sweet boy, thy Sappho for a wife.—
 Not Mira's smiles, or Delia's charms avail,
 Love rides triumphant on the pointer's tail;
 All hearts give way to see Castalia drest,
 But then dear Juno holds her head the best:
 We mourn a parent, and lament his end,
 But Don, dear dog, is father, wife, and friend;
 Our waking thoughts, our ev'ning theme the same,
 The one dear subject of eternal game.---

Minions

* *And Heav'n is storm'd*---It is almost impossible to conceive, what a hurricane is made in a family from the trivial accident of a scalded puppy, or from the impression of the maid's patten on the ear of Juba.

Miscentur; Magnisq; vocant clamoribus hostem.

§ - - - *Sleek Obadiab bred.* Vide Barclay's Apology.

† *The fabled youth*---In Æsop's Fables, a young man is married to his cat.

Minions attend! my noble Sir declares,
 "Zounds! Fire and blood! I'm plunder'd of my hares."
 Curst be the thought! shall little tradesmen join,
 To roast our game, and drench themselves with wine?
 O, horrid times, and greatly to be fear'd,
 When bread-sauce trickles down† the trader's beard!
 Portentous times, with ev'ry ill replete,
 When little souls inordinately eat!
 O! but my passion is too strong to last,
 All order dies, and decency is past;
 Pertness and folly mark each flippant owl,
 And starv'd attornies perk their ears, and growl.
 Gods! shall our tradesmen sit with horrid grin,
 O'er roasted pheasants, napkin'd to the chin?
 Stretch out their limbs, with pert Parnassian sneer,
 And drink Madeira, like a banker's heir;
 With noise and nonsense ev'ry ear confound,
 Then break, and pay five shillings to the pound?
 Alas! alas! good sisters§ of the loom,
 Cut short our thread, and seal Britannia's doom.---

"Go

† *When bread-sauce trickles down*---We will not pronounce it felony, or sacrilege, for a tradesman to eat bread-sauce; but we will venture to prophesy, that except they are paid their demands better, than some of them are at present, they will have little or no bread to eat.

Waste book, page 45, &c. &c. &c.

§ *Alas! alas! good sisters*---Alluding to the three sisters, who are supposed to spin the thread of man's life.

"Go forth, my men,* set all your traps around,
 "No foot unpunish'd treads my hallow'd ground.
 "Hark! Do I hear? A dog! a dog! Pursue!
 "Run, Sam! ride, Joseph! follow you and you!
 "Off with his head†—so much for curs like these;
 "Be this my fiat, and my heart's at ease."

My great Achilles, (thus old Homer speaks)
 And if we moderns might translate from Greeks,
 Such were his words—"Pelides, born to wield,
 "Tame thy big foul, thou thund'rer of the field."---
 Smote with concern, we trembling drop the pen,
 And grieve to find such rage in *little* men.
 But let not here pert fancy's busy tongue,
 Condemn the verse, and think our labours wrong:
 No foul detractions reach the muse's ear;
 She draws from life, and paints what mortals are;
 Holds up the mirror, as they pass in view,
 Yet grieves to find her portraits should be true.

Pleas'd with a whim, let fancy here describe,
 The sporting Squiret in his autumn pride;

Neat

* *Go forth, my men*-----Patent man-traps are soon expected in Norfolk, so curiously contrived, as to evacuate the body at once of all its blood, juices and marrow, with the greatest freedom; dragging out, and destroying in the neatest manner, every nerve, muscle and sinew; so that the person trap'd must expire immediately in the most pleasing and agreeable agonies.-----*Suetonius Life of Nero.*
Messrs. Buller & Co. Birmingham.

† *Off with his head*-----Alluding to one of Shakespeare's plays:
 "Off with his head---so much for Buckingham."

Neat in nankeen, of form genteel and strait,
 In gentle sing-song, fwinging in his gait---
 As much of man, as nature chose to give,
 As much the maid, as could with manhood live :
 The folded arms around his gun are seen,
 With white-topt gloves, and net extremely clean ;
 The club's long ribbon waving in the wind,
 With flint half out, and powder left behind.
 Old fullen pointers, half afham'd to go,
 Sneak close behind, and flily snuff the beau.
 Partridge, or pigeon, 'tis the fame to him,
 John grins applause, and Master has his whim :
 Proceed, dear creature, and your sports pursue,
 We only wish one thousand such as you.*

Come, my adepts ! my abler sportsmen, say !
 Ye who can stop the whirring pheasant's way ;
 Fam'd for your sports, and mighty scenes of blood,
 Dash thro' the ford; or rush along the wood :
 Must we all listen, and your tales attend ?
 Told twenty times, yet never to the end :
 Must half your kennels round the hearths extend,
 And, unmolested, poison wife or friend ?

H

Pour

* *We only wish one thousand such as you.*---Noverint universi.---That the characters here drawn by this writer have the quality of the trooper's boot, that would fit any leg whatever. If any description here suits any one particular gentleman, and fits easy with him, he is welcome to use it at his own discretion.

Pour forth rich scents of meals, in full decay,
 Till Miss turns sick, and Madam faints away?
 "O! I shall die! Good Gods! What must be done?
 "Pho! bring the drops;† my dearest Betsy, run!
 "Die? No, good Ladies, that's a horrid sight—
 "The *School for Scandal* claims your hearts to-night."—
 Or, shall young Fop with poultry limbs be fed,
 And saucy pointers snatch the children's bread?
 Wives, half ashamed, put forth the serious pish,
 And gently whisper, "Pray, Sir, change the dish."
 Coarse wit, with freedom, hurts the tender wife,
 And courtship should be kept alive for life.—
 Nor can the muse, without a blush, impart,
 How wives, with hunters, share the sportsman's heart:
 The doctor wanted---"Sir, may Bumper go?"
 "No, John. The filly?" "No. Your honour? No.
 "The chestnut gelding, now his sweats are o'er,
 "Might"—"Curse the fellow! leave me, shut the door."
 The tenant's hack, poor jaded, borrow'd wretch,
 Gallops for all, from fevers to the itch.

Say next, what storms the smallest ills produce?
 Jack finew-strain'd, or Pero kills a goose;

Or,

† *Pho! bring the drops*——Too many dogs in a parlour, must be *fundamentally* wrong, and hurtful to the olfactory nerves of those gentlemen in the Minority, who are smelling out the foul Works of the Ministry with great discernment.

Or, worse than death, the Curate in the wood ;
 Trap him, by G—, and sluice him of his blood :
 “ Shall he, shall they, shall these my covers force ?
 “ A horse ! a horse ! my manors for a horse ! ”
 Good Heav’n ! are these for marriage rites design’d ?
 (O lost to sense, and impotent of mind !)
 Unhappy women ! for such arms decreed ;---
 Mere sportsmen are---mere animals indeed.†—

Blest be that maid, whose soft persuasive charms,
 Can draw the sporting idiot to her arms :
 Blest wives, to hear the early flounce from bed,
 The deep hoarse cough, and doors that split the head ;
 The hall’s loud eccho, and the thund’ring sounds
 Of ham-stuff’d sportsmen, and the roar of hounds !
 Each place a chaos, in confusion lies ;
 Rolls pil’d on rolls, and pigeons torn from pies :
 Rush on to horse : hark forward ! and away ;
 And yawning maids sit down to toast and tea.
 Wives, piteous things ! drag on the winter day,
 With squalling brats, and dinners burnt away ;
 Behold at night their dear *adorers* doze,
 And pour the concert thro’ the vocal nose.---

Nor

† *Mere sportsmen are---mere animals indeed.*—Field amusements are joyous, rational and manly ; but the eternal pursuit of game, as the practice of some of our modern sportsmen is, makes it rather a nuisance than an entertainment.

Ne quid nimis ———

Nor do our sportsmen's labours of the day,
 End with the fun, tho' sunk its Western ray :
 In dreams they start, with more than labour' throes ;
Whouph ! Tally ho ! Hark forward ! there he goes !
Windsor is spur'd, or else in *Windsor's* stead,
 Their own *dear* wives† are tumbled out of bed :
 Good sense, good-nature too, must fix the bounds,
 Men should be men, not company for hounds.
 Nor let old Thunder's praise be ever sung,
 When softer music flows from woman's tongue :
 A thousand charms in Charlotte's dimples dwell,
 But thou art blest—young Sancho points so well.
 What's wife, a daughter, or an angel's face,
 To a net swelling with a good *five brace* ?
 Women may charm, and marriage joys delight,
 But a full covey is a glorious fight.
 What ! tho' thy pointers boast superior speed,
 Range well and wide, and sprung from *Doxy's* breed ;
 Yet spare our ears, nor pour th' eternal tale ;
 Here *Turko* stood, there *Mungo* caught the gale :

From

† *Their own dear wives*----The power of the imagination in sleep is very wonderful ; whether the exertion of the soul at that time is greater than at another, must be left to the decision of the learned ; but this we certainly know, that both our hands and feet are uncommonly merry and pleasant in the time of dreaping.

Vide Priestly's Disquisitions.

From hill to vale, we drove the covey round,
 Till the last bird, § with vengeance, thump'd the ground.---
 So strange thy tale, the very servants stare,
 And seem to say, by G— he was not there.---

Minor, attend ! nor let thy throbbing heart,
 Pant to possess those joys the fields impart :
 Maturer age holds up this wholesome truth ;
 No time redeems the idle hours of youth.
 Art thou a clerk ? ingross in sober peace,
 Remove the pointer, and renew the lease.
 Doom'd to a shop ?* be thy attention there,
 Nor lose the Squire, by coursing of a hare :
 Fix'd in thy calling, shun each roving thought,
 One plan is best——Variety a fault.—
 Prudence forewarns, and sober laws prescribe
 Just bounds, that sportsmen may not err too wide ;
 Yet idle pleasure, play-thing of a day,
 Calls forth her sons, and folly leads the way ;

I

Too

§ *Till the last bird*-----Nothing so kind and affectionate as game is ; by the use of a certain *machine*, you may turn it into lamb, brawn, sturgeon, or any thing you choose to have : in some families, the game is supposed to be a *king* of near twenty pounds a year, in the great article of housekeeping.

Hinc illæ Lachrymæ - - -

Unexperienc'd young gentlemen will sometimes purchase a little game, when it can be had, to save appearances ; and this is certainly better, than stuffing the dumb bag with brown paper, dog's couples, or turnip tops.

Æternæ querens præconia famæ.

Too soon undone, they sink in sad despair,
And lose in jail,† their liberty and air.—

Madness severe! just twenty-one--Canst thou
Waste the hard savings of thy father's plow?
Drove out from men, unpity'd and unknown,
To glean those acres, which were once your own.—
Distress and want the fractur'd spendthrift feels,
Yet whistles on, with pointer at his heels.—

Say then, ye wise! for ye can well define,
Where must good sense, and order draw the line?
Where fix the bounds, that sportsmen should obey,
'Twixt lawless insult, and the love of sway?
Far from the mind be that injurious thought;
In distant fields, no murder is a fault:
These dire Macbeths cry out, "Lay on, Macduff,
"And damn'd be he, who first calls, Hold, enough."
But stay, free-booter! stop thy murd'ring hand,
Nor claim dominion o'er another's land:
Know, Moderation‡ is of heav'nly mien,
And of all virtues, Decency is queen.

What,

† *And lose in jail*-----It was very unfortunate for a certain gentleman to be hurried to prison before the hunting season was entirely over; as he had certainly an estate of one hundred pounds a year, with a mortgage upon it of very little more than two thousand pounds.

s.

‡ *Know, Moderation*-----Instances are not wanted to prove, that those over-tenacious gentlemen of their own game at home, in an enemy's country (that is, from home) are very inordinate in their sporting.

What, but the law, defends thy flocks and fleece,
 Secures thy house, and makes thee sleep in peace?
 The same good laws defend another's right,
 His game by day, his property by night.
 Weigh well their force; be decency your rule,
 He who breaks thro', is wantonly a fool.—
 And should ill-fortune place thy manors there,
 Where corp'rate troops descend without a fear;
 Where stiff mechanics leave the council board,
 To ride down pudding, and to stare abroad;
 Bear it with patience, for their trade is such,
 They give too little, and they take too much.—

True sporting is true honour, temper'd right,
 Not the dumb-bag that's disembogued by night:
 Not him, who spares no sex, no times, no age,
 But deals his fire with unremitting rage;
 Not him, whose vacant mind for ever loves
 To haunt the fields, the meadows, and the groves;
 Mere winter drudge, a dull, laborious ass,
 Who half exists, the hunters turn'd to grass:
 Nor let the priesthood idly entertain,
 The thought—their Master liv'd and dy'd in vain:
 His was the seed, but theirs the full increase,
And they should labour, who would share the fleece:

Nor

Nor trudge the field, in one eternal round,
 Whilst Jerom moulds,† and Austin lies unbound.

No! he sports best, and with the most applause,
 Who hunts for wisdom, and consults her laws;
 Beats classic ground, where sportive muses twine
 Their laureat wreaths for brows, soft GRAY, like thine;
 Where bards seraphic tun'd their lyres to please,
 Where MILTON soar'd, and HORACE walk'd with ease:
 Above the sportsman's rant, the loud regale,
 The song, the bumper, and the thread-bare tale.

Not yet un-nerv'd, nor yet without the pride,
 To hang the first dear woodcock at my side;
 Teach me, sweet month, thy jovial rites to praise,
 And hug the thought of youthful, sporting days:
 Sweet are the tales, and pleasant to rehearse,
 Are youthful deeds, when dignify'd with verse;
 Sweet days! when joy stood tip-toe in the eye,
 And pulse beat quicker, as the covies fly:
 The breezy morn, the gun's imperial roar;
 The pointers bursting from the kennel door;
 The maid's long visage, and obdurate frown,
 The fly arch boy, the muffins tumbled down;

The

† *Whilst Jerom moulds*-----Poor dear Jerom---you must never expect a better coat, whilst your master has almost lost his own by the thorns and bushes---Nothing so subject to be torn as black cloth.

The wayward hobby, feldom to be caught,
 The dog run home, (sad dog!) too dearly bought;
 The busy bustle,* and the idiot stare,
 And things mislaid, and gone--the lord knows where--
 Life's giddy rage, when rapid blood flows on;
 "Farewell! farewell!† my occupation's gone."---

Now wrapt in thought, I strole the wat'ry mead,
 The woodcock twitt'ring o'er my pensive head;
 Fond to explore what pleasures make us blest,
 What part of life is fittest and the best.
 Whether in youth, when fev'rish blood runs high,
 And mounting fire darts trembling from the eye;
 The frolic dance, soft sounds, and rosy feast,
 Or the sweet snow which heaves on Kitty's breast?
 Or, are our joys to sober years confin'd?
 When kind reflection jogs the absent mind;
 When prudence shews the paths we should pursue,
 And age finds out, that life has nothing new.

K

My

* *The busy bustle*-----This description of a sporting morning is undoubtedly natural, if not political. The writer, we suspect, is a man of fire himself, (a sad dog most likely) but whether he shoots clean, or mangles his game in this work, must be left to his readers to determine.

Monthly Reviewers.

† *Farewell! Farewell!*-----By this and the following lines, we may easily perceive the decline of the old sportsman, Dead, Dead, Dead! To save the Reviewers the trouble of hulking him, we recommend to him the following adage:

*Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atq; bibisti,
 Tempus abire tibi est* ———

My reason starts, and sober truths prevail,
 And future hopes drop in and turn the scale.--
 What tho' our summer days too fast decline,
 And winter life* can scarce be said to shine;
 Yet age has this one blessing left---to hear
 Faults once its own with mild attentive ear;
 To judge with candour, and with truth defend;
 And sportsman once,† be ev'ry sportsman's friend.

O PHAON!‡ blest with nature's richest store,
 So well accomplish'd, that we wish no more;
 O thou! all but the very thing approv'd,
 Of virtues shaded, yet by all belov'd;
 Life's greatest ills from high examples flow,
 As smallest specks are soon observ'd on snow:
 Pleas'd with thy youth, thy virtues were our boast;
 But, ah! how soon were all thy blossoms lost.

Thus

* *And winter life*---Old men should never forget that they have been young, as the utmost allowance should be made for the indiscretions of youth, and the extravagance of the passions.

Seneca, de Senectute.

† *And sportsman once*---Anonymous advertisements have often appeared in the Norwich Mercury, for the meeting of Gentlemen at Swaffham in Norfolk to protect their tenants: Old Sportsmen, who can smell a fox at a distance, suppose this to mean nothing more than the protection of their own game.---Quere, If it may not be necessary soon for qualified gentlemen to associate in turn, to protect themselves and their own rights.

--- *Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.*

‡ *O Phaon!*---This Gentleman is of an amiable disposition, but lives unmarried.
 SUFFOLK.

Thus early fruits, which most attract the eye,
 Fall with the whirlwind and untimely die.---
 Too early lost, a prey to woman's art,
 Love finds no way to reach thy captur'd heart.
 Shun woman's wiles, is wisdom's wholesome rule;
 Bad custom's vice, and fashion makes the fool:
 Time wipes the honey from the flatt'rer's tongue,
 And future years will prove thy passion wrong:
 Pass but a time, thy fields, thy manors gone,
 And thy dear creature drops a wife to John:
 Then all thy faults† to ev'ry fool are known,
 She stabs thy virtues to repair her own.

O gratitude, sweet boon! that Heav'n bestows
 On feeling minds, to soften human woes;
 The tainted soul thy blessings seldom knows,
 Thy seat is there, where truth and virtue grows.
 Like Ætna's flames, superior as they rise,
 The harlot's fire breaks forth at once and dies:
 Superior joy to wedded love's confin'd,||
 Grows at the heart, and captivates the mind.

Life

† *Then all thy faults*---Strange, indeed, that those very creatures, who are too frequently the successful instruments of ruining a man's fortune and character, should be (which is often the case) the first to censure and condemn him. Vice of every sort is mean and despicable.

|| *Superior joy to wedded love's confin'd*---This uxorious scribbler we suspect to be a surrogate himself by his recommending of matrimony so much; but the immorality of the times bids fair at present to set aside the use of licences and wedding fees.

- - - - - *Mea Delia, Tecum
 Dummodo sim; quæso, segnis inersq; vocer.*

Life of my life! O thou, whose gentle breast
 Can sooth my soul and lull my thoughts to rest!
 Source of my joy, by rites connubial mine,
 Be all my life and all my thoughts like thine!
 With thee conversing, each returning day
 Springs with fresh joy, and sheds a brighter ray:
 When fev'rish heats, or anxious thoughts molest,
 Thy arm sustains and holds me to thy breast:
 Not winter's spite or low'ring clouds displease,
 If thou art there, my soul, my heart's at ease.

Accept, dear partner of my bed, my lays,
 Unfung the theme---a married woman's praise!
 Phaon, to thee this moral lay---attend!
 Nor lost to virtue, rashly blame a friend---
 If all thy actions on thy will depend,
 Thine's mere existence to no useful end:
 Slave to thy passions, hug thy gilded chain,
 Tho' blest with fortunes and a wide domain;
 The heart bleeds inward, tho' the face is gay,
 Nor can forc'd mirth drive guilty thoughts away.
 Ty'd to his stall, the poor unthinking beast,
 The fatted ox, like you, enjoys the feast;
 Snorts o'er his heap with proud disdainful breath,
 Nor knows, poor fool, his feasting ends with death.
 So thy own gifts abus'd and misapply'd,
 Mean only this---he feasted, and he dy'd.

Seek

Seek then a wife!† let wedlock set you free,
 And then my Phaon may be blest as me.
 Good sense, good conduct will her steps attend,
 And wife be then united to the friend:
 Fair peace, soft dalliance, and domestic ease,
 Sweet mutual love, and ev'ry wish to please;
 Life's thorny way with due contentment trod,
 And easy faith,|| which lifts the mind to God.--
 Now free as air, and wanton as the wind,
 Soft pleasure charms, and folly sooths thy mind:
 But when Old Time shall brush thy hours away,
 And future life breaks forth to open day;
 Where then thy courser's pride, the goblet's charms,
 Or the lewd surfeit of forbidden arms?
 When strong convulsions tear thy lab'ring breath,
 What friend hast thou to smooth the bed of death?
 In that sad hour what female hand applies,
 To sooth thy pains, or close thy dying eyes?

L

Too

† *Seek then a wife*---The prevailing custom of keeping Mistresses, not only amongst the rich and great, but amongst inferiors of every sort, by the modern and fashionable appellation of House-keepers, becomes daily more alarming than ever: If this evil is not properly attended to, both by Magistrates and Clergy, the rebukes of such a writer as this are not worth regarding.

——— *Quis enim non vicus abundat*
Tristibus obscenis? ——— Juv.

|| *And easy faith*---By faith in this place is to be understood, that believing scriptural faith, that is neither alarmed at the disquisitions of Dr. P---y, or the heterogeneous publications of Mr. Th--- L---y.

Casaubon.

Too late convinc'd, you'll find the sure deceit,
 Pleasure is vain, and idle life a cheat.
 O! blest with sense, with judgment just and right,
 Why should a wanton cloud my Phaon's fight?
 Think, for thou must, a reck'ning to be fear'd,
 Time flies apace and conscience will be heard;
 And should (Heav'n grant it!) thy reforming life
 Be blest with thought, with ease, and sober wife;
 Pleas'd thou wilt say, (thy former faults forgot)
 How blest, how happy is the *Husband's* lot!
 Surrounding cares and ev'ry pang will cease,
 And thou, like me, shalt live and die in peace.



F I N I S

ERRATUM.

Page 35, Line 17, for *superior*,
 read, impetuous.